

The Historie of

Fals. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou owest God a death.

Fals. Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be so forward with him that cals not on me? Well, tis no matter, Honour prickes me on: yea, but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then can Honour set to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgerie then? no: What is Honour? a Word: What is that word Honour? Aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis insensible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not suffer it, therefore Ile none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and so ends my Catechisme.

Exit.

Enter Worcester, and sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew must not know, *Sir Richard*, The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. T'were best he did.

Wor. Then are we all vndone,
It is not possible, it can not be;
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will suspect vs still, and find a time,
To punish this offence in others faultes;
Supposition, all our liues, shall be stucke full of eyes;
For Treason is but trusted like the Foxe,
Who neuer so tame, so cherisht, and lockt vp,
Will haue a wilde trick of his ancestors:
Looke how he can, or sad or merrily?
Interpretation will misquote our lookes,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a stall,
The better cherisht, still the nearer death.
My Nephewes trespasse may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge,
A haire-braind *Hotspur*, gouerned by a spleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption benign tane from vs.

We.

Henry the f

Weas the spring of all, shal pay f
Therefore good Coosen, let not
In any case, the offer of the King
Ver. Deliuer what you wil, Ile sa
Hot. My Vncle is returnd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of *Westmerl*
Vncle, What newes?

Wor. The King will bid you

Doug. Defie him by the Lord

Hot. Lord *Douglas*, goe you

Doug. Mary and shall, and ve

Wor. There is no seeming in

Hot. Did you beg any? Goe

Wor. I told him gently of ou

Of his Oath-breaking: which h

By now forswearing that he is f

He cals vs Rebels, Traytors, and

With hawty armes, this hatefull

Doug. Arme Gentlemen, to a

A braue Defiance in King *Henry*

And *Westmerland* that was ingag

Which can not chuse but bring

Wor. The *Prince of Wales* step

And Nephew, challeng'd you

Hot. O, would the quarrell

And that no man might draw s

But I and *Harry Monmouth*: tell

How shewd his talking? seemd

Ver. No, by my soule, I neuer

Did heare a Challenge vrg'd m

Vnlesse a Brother should a Bro

To gentle exercise and proofo

He gaue you all the duties of a

Trimd vp your prayes with a

Spoke your deseruings like a C

Making you euer better then h

By still displaying prayse, valu

And which became him like a